

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scurvy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hof. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hof. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, (Bully) but first, M^r. Ghæft, and M^r. Page, & ecke Caualeiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M^r. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistris Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Hof. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Enans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.

Enans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Physicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: enery way: olde Windsor way, and enery way but the Towne-way.

Enan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will fir.

Enan. Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Ruins to whose fall: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I haue a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Babylon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Enan. Hee's welcome: To shallow Ruins, to whose fall: Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, M^r. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, ouer the stile, this way.

Enan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Enan. Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Doe you study them both, M^r. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Enan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, M^r. Parson.

Enan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience; that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeeres, and upward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Enan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: M^r. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Enan. God's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Enan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good M^r. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good M^r. Doctor.

Hof. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let a-mee speake a word with your eare; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Enan. Pray you vie your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog: Iohn Ape.

Enan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diab!e: Iack Rugby: mine Hof de larteeer: haue I not flay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Enan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed. He bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, Caius and Ganle, French & Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent.

Hof. Peace, I say: heare mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politike? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuel?

Shal. I loofe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Portions and the Motions. Shall I loofe my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Hof: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot of vs, ha, ha?

Enan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too.

Enan. Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Enans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.)

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistris Page, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe. (sirrah?)

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?)

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vie of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wines inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffes boy with her: A man may heare this shrowe sing in the winde; and Falstaffes boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuoluted wines share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vail of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and wolle.

willfull Aitron, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met M^r. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe M^r. Ford.

Slender. And so must I Sir,

We haue appointed to dine with Mistris Anne, And I would not breake with her for more money Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene Anne Page, and my cozen Slender, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slender. I hope I haue your good will Father Page.

Page. You haue M^r. Slender, I stand wholly for you, But my wife (M^r. Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Hof. What say you to yong M^r. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has cies of youth: he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttions, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and Pointz: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: M^r. Doctor, you shal go, so shall you M^r. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer woiing at M^r. Pagers.

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Enans.

Mist. Ford. What Iohn, what Robert.

M. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mist. Ford. I warrant. What Robin I say.

Mist. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Heere, let it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe,

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (Iohn & Robert) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: y done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsterns in Dorchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no

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